

# The Hood River Glacier.

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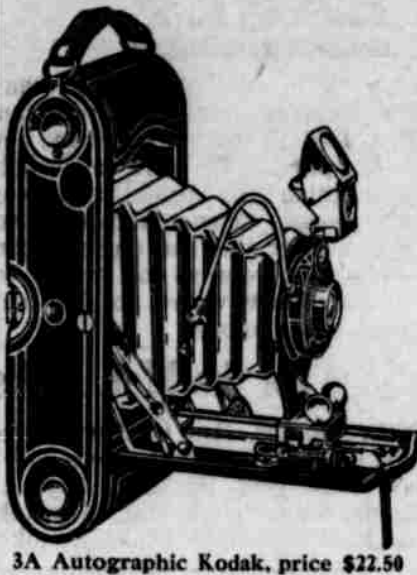
No. 27



## Select it now—that "VICTROLA" You're going to give for Christmas

As a Christmas gift the Victrola will be more popular this year than ever before.

Therefore, why not make your selection NOW and have it put aside for delivery Christmas week? Our stock is now at its best—a leisurely selection now is more pleasant than a hurried choice during the Christmas rush—come in this week. Remember, we have Victrolas to suit every purse—\$15.00, \$25.00, \$40, \$75.00, \$100 and up to \$350.00—and we will gladly arrange easy terms of payment if desired.



## The package that contains a Kodak will be first opened Christmas morn

We have a complete line of Kodaks from the efficient little Vest Pocket to its hand-some, capable "big brother", the 3A. They are all Autographic, of course, they must be up-to-date.

A visit to our store is sure to solve some of your gift problems.

Kodaks \$6.00 up  
Brownie Cameras  
\$1.00 up

3A Autographic Kodak, price \$22.50

## KRESSE DRUG CO., The Rexall Store

Victor Victrolas and Records  
Come in and hear the latest  
November Records.

## If Time leaves your family dependent, a Bank book is their great- est safe-guard.



We will be pleased to meet those who contemplate making a banking change or opening a new account.

As custodians of public funds we assure safety first and endeavor to render to our customers every legitimate aid in keeping with reasonable banking. You will find efficient and courteous service as a depositor and we extend our good will and advice to prospective customers as well.

4% Interest Paid on Savings

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$100,000 Surplus \$37,000

### Kyanize Wood Finish

is so wonderful that factory authorizes giving you a can. If you did not receive a certificate come to us for arrangement. Kyanize automobile varnish color is so perfect that you cannot afford not to try it.

### Oils

are adapted to special use. We have it at prices ranging from 40c to 95c per gallon. You get what you need and pay less for it. Non-flowing oils, cup grease, graphite grease, gun oils, solvents.

### Automobiles

The peculiar adaptability, great economy in oils, fuel and tires, makes the Franklin a success all its own. The mechanical construction is perfect. The finish could not be excelled. You ride in a Franklin to rest, generally you rest after a ride. Let us show you the new Model 8.

### The Holiday

demand will be met by a wonderful display of useful presents in Cutlery, China ware, Tools, Furniture and Rugs, Smokers' Sets—hundreds of desirable gifts in all departments.

## Stewart Hardware & Furniture Co.

Furniture, Hardware, Oils, Paints  
Orchard Supplies

### The Only Place to get Accurate Abstracts of Land in Hood River County is at the office of the

## Hood River Abstract Company

Insurance, Conveyancing, Surety Bonds

### A. W. Outhart F. A. Bishop Oregon Abstract Company

Certified Abstracts of Hood River Land Titles by experienced abstractors. Conveyancing, Mortgage Loans and Surety Bonds, Fire, Life, Accident and Health Insurance in the best companies.

305 Oak Street, Hood River, Oregon  
Telephone 1581

### Have A Merry Xmas

Buy at J. T. Holman's and get a valuable present

To the customer buying the most goods, cash purchases, between December 1st and 24th we will give the following Christmas presents: First Prize Large Dressed Doll. Second Prize an Aluminum Dinner Pot. Third Prize Aluminum Tea Pot. Fourth Prize Aluminum Sauce Pan. Fifth Prize A Small Doll.

These valuable gifts will be given away at 6 o'clock on Xmas eve.

J. T. HOLMAN

The Heights Hood River, Oregon

## New Quality Groceries

Good buying enables us to offer you the following new pack of Staple Goods:

GOOD STANDARD CORN 10c can, \$1.10 per dozen  
SOLID PACK PUMPKINS 10c can, \$1.10 per dozen  
CUT STRING BEANS 10c can, \$1.10 per dozen  
FANCY TOMATOES 10c can, \$1.10 per dozen  
STANDARD TOMATOES 3 cans for 95c  
YELLOW FREE PEACHES 2 cans 25c

## The Star Grocery Perigo & Son

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Rubber Stamp Ink at Glacier Office

## INDIAN LEGENDS ARE BEAUTIFUL

### Klickitat LANGUAGE WONDERFUL

E. L. Smith Has Gathered from Red Men  
Many Stories of Interest—Memaloose Island

Beautiful though they are when one, ignorant of the charms that Indian legends weave around them, beholds them, how much more interesting and appealing is a view of the grand points of the Columbia river highway after the sighter has learned something of their significance in the history of the Redman! While many beautiful stories are extant in the writings of contemporary authors and in the articles and books of pioneer men and women, who have passed away, an investigator by talking with the older Indians that survive along the mid-Columbia district may find that many legends have ever become but little known.

Every Indian tribe had its historian. The histories and stories were passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. Each tribe had a different dialect. The names of the gods and heroes were different. From the Dalles down the Columbia to the sea, where the Chinook and Clatsop dialects prevailed, the Great Spirit was known as Iaiapua. While across the Columbia in southern Washington, where the Klickitat dialect was supreme, the chief god was called Sagahale.

In all the Pacific northwest no man has ever taken greater interest in the legends of the Indians, among whom his close friends have been numbered by the scores, than E. L. Smith, who removed 40 years ago from Tacoma, Wash., where he had been secretary of Washington territory, to Hood River. While he has retired from a life of active business, Mr. Smith maintains an office in a building owned by him, and he may be found in his office a part of every week day. In former days the Indians of the region came to ask his counsel, and his pioneer neighbors came to consult with him on matters of business. Today the few Indians left in the district continue to confide in Mr. Smith as to their troubles, hopes and joys. He will ever remain their "Boston Man," and they and Mr. Smith often recall incidents of early history and talk over legendary history of the scenic region. Whenever anyone desires to secure information on pioneer days or Indian legendary history, he makes a visit to Mr. Smith. Nor is the list of visitors limited to local people; he receives callers and queries from numerous different points in the northwest.

"Of all the 30 dialects of tribes with which I have been familiar," says Mr. Smith, "that of the Klickitans is the most beautiful. Their names for our points of grandeur along the Columbia should be preserved. I made an attempt at one time to have the Smithsonian Institution collect the words of the language. A Catholic priest at Goldendale was engaged for many years in the task, but I have not heard of him for several years. Rev. Waters, of the Tappanah community, a full blood Indian who won marked recognition as a Methodist minister, is perhaps more familiar with the language than any man in the northwest.

During the early days of Hood River history, Mr. Smith was accustomed to make long trips of exploration in the neighboring mountains. Indians were used as guides, and on these journeys of penetration into the wilderness others of the party would be asleep or engaged in conversation. Mr. Smith would be seated in seclusion at the foot of some leviathan of the forest hearing marvelous tales from his Indian guide. Often Dr. J. T. Holman, pastor emeritus of the First Unitarian church of Portland, would accompany Mr. Smith and other friends on these long jaunts of investigation of the wilderness country.

"I recall a time when Dr. Eliot and I were on a trip of exploration at the base of Mount Adams," says Mr. Smith. "We have often laughed together since at the philosophy of our guide. It was in the evening, and as we sat around the campfire after supper I asked the guide where an Indian went and what he did after he died. The fellow, a strapping and handsome buck replied: 'I don't know. I find out after I get there.'

Just opposite Hood River, near the town of White Salmon, high on the mighty precipitous side of the Columbia gorge, is a huge dial shaped rock. Most of the people of Hood River have seen it and have wondered if it had a meaning. To the Indians, however, it was a legend. It was the legend of the great rock, which was supposed to be Waupash, a mighty chieftain of the White Salmon Indians in early days. The Indian woman was proud of her people and was zealous in her protection of them.

For many days Waupash had seen Spelai, the next of the gods in authority to Sagahale, the chief deity, prowling over her beloved hills. She accused him one morning as he came up from the Columbia and ordered him to leave the region and not show himself there again, for she feared that he meant harm to her tribe. Now this was no way to address a god, and Spelai, angered beyond reason, cast a spell over the woman and turned her into the great rock, and she sits there on the great gorge and watches until this day.

The legend that has come to Mr. Smith about Ononts Falls, known for the most part as Horseshoe Falls, is somewhat different from other legendary history. Far back in the old grandfathers' days, according to the story, there were two handsome Indian chiefs who fell in love with a beautiful maiden. The loven fought over the girl, who by her coquettish ways angered the Great Spirit, as did the men, and to punish them, one of the chiefs was turned into Rooster Rock and the other into Castle Rock. The girl was transformed into Ononts Falls. The great stream of water is supposed to represent her hair, which ever streams over from the great barrier of rocks over which she is trying to climb.

Just beyond the Hood River county line, one of Mr. Smith's old Indian friends has told him, is the falls of the Widow's Tears. A tiny stream dashes over the top of the high canyon and is soon lost in spray. "The Indians called it the Widow's Tears," said Mr. Smith, "because it disappeared so quickly."

One of the most beautiful of all the legends told by Mr. Smith is that connected with Memaloose Island, the Indian burying ground near the middle of the Columbia's stream just west of Lyle. Since time immemorial the Indians have placed their dead on the island. The bones of thousands of warriors, men and women have bleached and decayed in the sands there. Formerly the Indians visited the island frequently. The legend, which follows, explains why the Red Men have ceased to go to Memaloose except to deposit the bodies of relatives whose souls have passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

In ancient days the Indians were accustomed to assemble in large numbers at Wishram, a village just opposite the Dalles, on the Washington side of the Columbia. At one of the gatherings came a handsome young chief, as perfectly formed as Apollo, and a maiden, the daughter of a chief, whose beauty was known throughout the land. The girl was wooed by the handsome young man, and the two were wed.

This young man and woman made a prolonged honeymoon, traveling through the country and visiting the peoples of many regions. But their happiness was finally smitten by the death of the husband, whose body was borne away in state to Memaloose. The grief of the young widow knew no bounds. One night she dreamed that the spirit of her husband came to her and urged that she come to visit him at the island.

The girl complied with the wishes of her husband and visited the island. As the sun went down behind the Cascade range a wonderful metamorphosis was worked at Memaloose. The graves gave up their dead, sounding of music filled the air, and the spirits of the dead, with the form of mortals again taken on, danced and made merry. Dressed in a gorgeous raiment, the husband came to her and the two spent the night together in happiness. They finally repaired to his couch, where on the next morning, on being awakened by the sunshine, she found a skeleton arm around her body.

Returning to her home she told her story. A great council of all the wise men was called. After much deliberation it was decided that since the maiden had belonged to the man during life, she must still be his even though he was dead, and she was commanded to return to the island to visit him. The dead were permitted to return from the graves at night, and during the hours of darkness all was as though some great feast were being participated in on the islands, but the forms gradually took themselves as daylight approached, and during the day Memaloose presented only sights of horror. White bones glistened in the sunlight and the stench of decaying flesh filled the nostrils.

Finally the girl gave birth to a child. The Indian maiden desired that her mother come see her grandson, and a messenger was sent to carry her the glad tidings. The mother came, but she was enjoined not to look upon the little one for at least 10 days after her arrival; she was told that if she did so her grandson would die. But with the eagerness of a grandmother she thought it would do no harm if she would lift up his little blanket and take a single look. However, no sooner had her eyes fallen on the little form than it sickened and straightaway died.

This death of the infant was taken by the Indians as a sign to point to them that they had erred in allowing the girl to visit the island, and it was decreed by a great council that thereafter none should visit Memaloose except to deposit the bodies of the dead.

Memaloose until this day is the burying ground for the Indians of the Dalles region. Because of the treasure of bones and skulls buried with the dead it was formerly visited by numerous curious seekers, who despoiled the graves, sacred to the Red Men. The government has now prohibited the visits of white men for this purpose.

Passengers on river steamboats are attracted by a single white shaft rearing itself from a rock base on the island. This is a monument erected to Victor Trevelitt, the only white man buried on Memaloose. Victor Trevelitt was a great friend of the Indians of the mid-Columbia district. His body was placed among those of his friends at his own request.

### MRS. CRAM CELEBRATES EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

Though she celebrated her 80th birthday Monday at the home of her son, Frank A. Cram, Mrs. M. A. Cram, one of the Pacific coast's sturdy, noble pioneer women and one of the most remarkable women today in Oregon, remains all of her faculties. In the late evening time of life Mrs. Cram is blessed with the enjoyment of good health. She attributes this blessing to much activity in the open air during her younger days.

Mrs. Cram is a native of New Hampshire. When the Civil war came on she and her husband were in Texas. To escape conscription, Mr. Cram being a staunch Union man, he took his wife into Mexico. For seven months the two traveled by mule back through Mexico, bound for the Pacific coast. They were in daily terror of their lives; for the country was practically lawless and the prowling Indians often crossed their trail. Finally they reached Guaymas, where they took passage for San Francisco.

After a short time on the coast Mr. and Mrs. Cram left for Siskiyou county, where Mr. Cram engaged in mining. In 1880 they removed to Prineville.

Mrs. Cram later removed to The Dalles in order that she might educate the younger children of the family. Seven years ago she came here to make her home in a bungalow home erected beside the residence of her son, Frank A. Cram.

In addition to the son, who is well known here, having for many years been engaged in the mercantile business, Mrs. Cram has five other sons and four daughters. They are: Wardwell Cram, of Harrisburg; Bidwell Cram, of Cross Keys; W. S. Cram, of Raymond, Wash.; Mrs. Marie Booton, of Post; Mrs. Florence Butler, Mrs. H. L. Vorse and Mrs. T. B. Steele, of Portland; and James and H. S. Cram, of Prineville. She has 15 grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Wardwell Cram were here from Harrisburg for the birthday anniversary. They returned home Tuesday afternoon.

Shoes made or repaired at Johnson's

## LOCAL STATION BENEFIT TOLD

### CITY AND VALLEY MEETINGS HELD

Talks by Director and Representatives of  
Oregon Station Tend to Change  
Sentiment.

The series of meetings held in the Hood River valley last week in order that orchardists might be supplied with correct data concerning the benefit of the local branch of the Oregon experiment station it is now believed will save the station for the community. Because of a misunderstanding between numerous growers and the station's representatives a menacing opposition had sprung up and the proposed appropriation of \$2,000 by the county for next year's maintenance of the institution has been attacked.

The meetings, the last of which was held Saturday evening at Pine Grove hall under the auspices of the Pine Grove grange, were attended by A. B. Cordley, director of the Oregon station, Prof. C. L. Lewis, R. W. Allen and LeRoy Childs.

Director Cordley explained the relations of the branch station to Hood River county. He told the growers that as far as the main institution was concerned, it was a matter of little as to whether the horticultural branch was located in Hood River or in some other community, but he pointed out the benefits that would accrue to local people because of its maintenance.

Director Cordley disclosed the troubles of the station in its relations with growers. He declared that Hood River county should make an appropriation for the purchase of a plot of ground to be used permanently for an experimental farm, citing the good work resulting from such action in Sherman county. Heretofore it has been customary for the representatives of the station at work here on orchard problems to conduct their tests in orchards scattered over a wide area. Growers whose orchards were not chosen, have become jealous. The representatives, too, have been subject to call at any time. These visits to inspect orchards have hampered them in their work of experimenting to determine the cause and cure of diseases.

By the display of a set of charts Prof. Lewis showed the value of experimental work of past years. In the year 1907 the Oregon Agricultural College working in conjunction with the United States Department of Agriculture made a soil survey of Wasco county's fruit lands. Hood River county at that time having been a portion of Wasco. It was found that much of the fruit land was badly lacking in nitrogen. Growers were urged to make up this deficiency by use of cover crops or the use of commercial fertilizers. However, the orchardists did not heed the advice, and as a result the effects have been more apparent than any local orchardist has comprehended.

Prof. Lewis declares that the resident orchardists have failed to note the decreasing size of the leaves, while the difference is noted at once by a man accustomed to visit the region in the vernal of six months or a year. The horticultural expert showed by charts the benefits derived from experiments with commercial fertilizers, nitrates of soda, on the ranch of Mr. Drageath for the past three years. The quantity of apples where the fertilizer had been used was made to increase 1,000 percent over untreated tracts. The cost per tree reached 20 cents, or two cents per box. Similar results have been obtained by other orchardists by the persistent use of cover crops to restore nitrogen to the soil.

Mr. Allen, a soil and irrigation expert, who for the past several years has been stationed at Hermiston, declares that he knows of no place where the ranchers are so ignorant about irrigation as in Hood River. Before they get full results from the systems in use, he says, it will be necessary to rotate the use of their water as in other places. He declares that the distribution system prevailing would have to be changed.

Until a few years ago ranchers never used cover crops, and although much water went to waste down the irrigation ditches, but little was ever used on orchard tracts. There were schools of growers who preached the non-use of water, declaring that it impaired the quality of the fruit.

Mr. Allen said that he had examined some soils in parts of the valley that, because of lack of irrigation and because of the persistent clean cultivation followed, showed but three percent moisture, no more than could be found in the dust of a road. He advised the rotation of cover crops and clean cultivation.

"Where the orchard land is constantly planted in cover crops and kept heavily irrigated, there is danger of producing too much wood growth and thus cutting down the production of fruit."

Mr. Childs, who is in charge of the branch station, attended the meetings and told of the experiments carried on for the control of leaf roller and hopper. Mr. Childs says that a spray has now been found to control this pest, which in the last few years has been constantly increasing.

The Oregon agricultural men met last Friday night at the Commercial club to discuss the station's problems with business men, about 50 of whom were present.

## NEWTOWNS ARE HELD FOR EXPORT TRADE

The Newtown crop of apples as yet remains in local storage houses, except for a negligible quantity that has already been sold abroad.

"We are holding back the Newtowns, the longest keeping variety produced here," says Sales Manager Sieg, "for the demand that will come from England after the Christmas holidays. We expect to realize high prices for the fruit unless some drastic conditions that are not now foreseen arise in the war situation."

Mr. Sieg declares that America is a red apple country and that Newtowns are an export product always. While most of the other varieties of fruit have been cleaned up, the small remaining stock is going out with a regularity and at a fairly keen demand.